

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1886.

NO. 166.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-
pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

Kind Advice Appreciated.

Editor and Prohibitionist P. Hall Packer, of Sebright, recently wrote a letter of advice to James G. Blaine, and has just received a reply. Following are the letters:

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.—Dear Sir: As a friend and admirer of you as a republican statesman, and one who worked hard and faithfully to secure your election to the Presidency, allow me to suggest that you at once stop denouncing the prohibitionists, or you will bury the republican party so deep that resurrection will be impossible. As all good citizens know, the prohibition cause is just and right, and is rapidly progressing. New Jersey will give the Prohibition Gubernatorial candidate this fall over 30,000 votes, of which 20,000 at least will be drawn from the republican party.

For God's sake advise our party to come out square for prohibition! We need a new issue, and on this alone we can win both State and nation. Let our party, which has always been the party of reform and progress, take up this question, as they did slavery, and settle it forever. Yours truly,
P. HALL PACKER.

P. HALL PACKER, Esq.—My Dear Sir: Yours of 6th at hand. Thanks for your very kind advice. Yours very respectfully,
JAMES G. BLAINE.
BETH HARBOR, Sept. 20.

Not I Love to Saw.

I love pooy well to saw olt malts shan-
der der young mans. Dast shows dhey
will never make them young mans unhappy
py gotten marriet mit em.

I love pooy well to saw young mans
shandar around church door, wen der
beobies was comin out. Dat broos dhey
was been on der place.

I love pooy well to saw young vienness
valk der street ofer, and been pooy late
oud on der nite. Dat shows dhey had some
courageousness.

I love to saw young shandemans during
whisky and git drunck like donder. Dhen
he delle everyday vat he knows about und
you found it pooy quick oudt.

I love to saw young vienness und mans
dark und lase in meidin. Dat shows dhey
have fine feelings, und dhoek some interesting-
ness in ding dot was seriousse.

I love to saw babbles make trouble mit
mine piesshes. Dot comes von dhore love
mit me, und how I got along.

I love to saw some babbles fide und make
humpus on Sunsay. Dot was a sign dhey
got more as a parrel of regardt von day
oudt.

I love to hear von shpsak e'er tay pad
annudder von. Dot was a shure ting dhey
hafte got a goot reputabion dhemselves.

Letter From Laurel.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]
McWHORTER, Oct. 5.—As I have been
quartered in this portion of Laurel county
for a month and having been to a consider-
able extent associated with quite a number
of its citizens, and on leisure days traversed
the country over, I wish to say something
of the citizens and of the section up this
way. The people are of the most hospita-
ble nature, kind and obliging one to another,
frugal and industrious; quiet and peaceable,
and little or no trouble brews among them. The latch-string to their
doors always hangs upon the outside of their dwellings, and though he be a stranger in their midst, he is ever a welcome guest and the kindest and best of attention
is given him. A kinder and more friendly
people do not inhabit any part of the earth.
The finest and best of timber and in great
abundance abounds here, and the whole
country is interlaced with the best of stone
coal from 3 to 4 feet in thickness. The soil is good, the land producing from 6 to
10 barrels of corn to the acre, and wheat,
oats and the various grasses grow well and are quite remunerative to the farmer. It
is also a fine tobacco county, splendid
crops of tobacco being produced in this
part of the country.

McWhorter is a small town just starting
up, and is situated upon Rockcastle River
and near the county lines of Laurel, Clay
and Jackson. There are now some good
buildings in the place, some 8 or 10 dwell-
ings, two dry goods stores, and good ones,
owned by Captain D. B. House and Mc-
Whorter & Bolling. The business houses
as well as dwellings are now and good ones.
It also has a large steam saw mill, also run
by Capt. D. B. House, who is a very energetic
and thorough business man. They have a semi-weekly mail at McWhorter and
their postmaster, Major Cannon Mc-
Whorter, is just one of the best kind of fel-
lows, and an attentive man to business. It
is a beautiful site for the building up of
quite a town. The valley of the river is
rich and fertile land.

Should the Kentucky Central railroad
company ever wish to make an extension
of its line from its present terminus—the
Sinks of the Roundstone—south, it can find
no more practicable route than to run up
Rockcastle river to its head and cross the
low gap at Bush's Store, which is the di-
viding between the waters of Rockcastle riv-
er and the waters of Goose creek; thence on
down Black Water, passing a little to the
left of Barberville and striking the Val-
ley of the Cumberland at or near Pineville.
The citizens are of the opinion that there
would be but two short tunnels from the
present terminus of the road to Black Water
and none from there on to the Camber-
land; and a finer timber and coal region
was never traversed by a railroad.

D. N. WILLIAMS.
CODICIL.

O, yes, I see the republicans of the 8th
Congressional district have hitched up a
man against Gv. McCreary for Congress.
Fellow, you had better not venture too far
in that direction. The Governor is very
popular and even in Laurel, as republican
as it is, he is going to pull a large vote in
November, and don't you forget it.

D. N. W.

A Plentiful Lack of Hair.

Scientists have been asserting for some
time that the men of the future is to be
without hair—less barbous, as it were,
than the uncivilized races of the preceding
ages. Straws continue to show that
scientists are right. According to a
writer in *Popular Science* 48 per cent.
of men at a Patti concert were bald, while
only 12 percent were without hair on their
heads at a Sullivan prize fight. Thus does
advancing culture do away with hair.

An interesting test has been made which
shows that beards also are disappearing be-
neath the crush of advancing civilization.
Gen. Boulangier, looked forward to the
time when the French should "bald" the
German in his den, has ordered his soldiers
to let their beards grow. But the beards
will not grow. The ambitious private may
exclaim "Parbleu!" and "Sacré!" as much
as he chooses, but his beard still fails to
assume a military fierceness.

The French have become too civilized as
a nation to raise whiskers which shall awe
their foes. They must hereafter conquer
by intellect and not by hair. The whole
enlightened race might as well become
reconciled to the same fate which has over-
taken the French army.

A college student once translated the
Greek words, *krania gumnatou kallous* (heads
shorn of their beauty), "the bald heads
of the beautiful." In the language of the
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"Just this way," pursued the officer.
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zealot and the religious man: The first
spends his time battling for his particular
creed, the latter spends his in living an
upright life; the one damns all but him
and his to hell, the other prays salvation
for all mankind. [Wallace Gruele.]

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our public and high schools have been
united and are now being taught in the
College building. Some 90 odd pupils have
been enrolled on the books. Mrs. Tarrant
has employed Miss Elmunde, of Louisville,
to assist her; the latter teaching the public
school and the former the collegiate dep-
artment.

Miss Mollie Brooks will begin giving
art lessons to a class of young ladies at her
home next week. She is a fine artist and
all who desire to take lessons would do well
to patronize her. A few days ago we were
shown a large picture which she is now
painting in oil which she finished with a
wonderful specimen of her talent and ability.

—On last Tuesday night, after a lingering
illness of consumption, Mrs. Sam Hazel-
ton entered the world of spirits. Her re-
mains were taken to Lancaster on Wednesday
and interred in the cemetery there. She leaves
a husband and three little children to mourn
her departure; but not as
those who mourn without hope, for they
have the sweet assurance that she was pre-
pared for death and ready to answer the
Master's call.

—The meeting at the Christian church
still continues. We have large congrega-
tions and much interest is manifested, tho'
no confessions yet. All who have heard
Mr. Montgomery preach are well pleased
with him. Mr. Slim Cook has kindly placed
an organ in the church to be used during
the meeting. The members are seriously
thinking of purchasing it to use all
the time. Miss Anna Holmes presides as
organist and the sweet music adds much to
the interest of the meeting, which will con-
tinue until next Sunday.

—Mr. George James has returned from
Louisville with a new stock of goods. Mr.
D. C. Payne has opened a new grocery in
the corner store-room of the Harris House.
Rev. Mr. Duncan and wife are boarding at
Mrs. Barker's and not at Mr. Ward's, as re-
ported last week. Mrs. Eliza Carson has
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—Mrs. Lucien Lasley, who has been con-
fined to her bed for over a week, is now
able to sit up. Mr. Joe Brooks is down
with fever, but improving at this writing.
Lt. Scott is quite ill and in a very critical
condition. We are glad to report that Miss
Sally Green is fast recovering from a se-
vere fall from her horse several days ago.
While crossing the creek the horse's foot
slipped, thus throwing Miss Sally from the
saddle. Her shoulder was dislocated and
she has suffered greatly from the fall tho'
not seriously.

—Mr. Robert Collier and his pretty
wife are now boarding at Mr. Mack
Holmes', but intend to go to housekeeping
in a short time. When the news reached
here that they had been married in Stan-
ford, it created quite a sensation. Mr.
Henry Fulmer and Miss Lura Dykes ac-
companied them and what surprised us most
was that there were not two weddings in-
stead of one. Although rather late, we ex-
pect the bride and groom our hearty
congratulations and wish for them happiness,
prosperity and long life.

—Mr. Frank Fox, of Danville, spent a
day or two here this week. His visits are
becoming quite frequent and if Midam
Rumor be correct he will soon take from
our midst one of our loveliest young ladies.
Will our young men permit this? Also
Mrs. Hinman, Danville, paid C. O. a flying
visit. He had better be careful, else a
Crow will attack him. Mr. and Mrs. John
Buchanan have gone on a visit to relatives in
Vermont. Miss Annie Scott, of Jessamine,
is the guest of Miss Belle Livingston.
Mr. and Mrs. George McRoberts, of
Rush Branch, spent several days this week
with Mrs. W. T. Stephenson. Mrs. Jael
Cooper is visiting in Mt. Vernon. Mrs.
W. T. Green, who formerly lived here, has
arrived and will spend the winter with Mrs.
Mary Carson. They are now visiting in
Danville. Miss Nannie Kennedy is the
guest of Mrs. Robert Collier. Miss Maggie
Newland is spending a few days with Mrs.
John Bailey. Miss Kate Robinson is the
guest of Mrs. Fannie Elston. Mr. Peter
Robinson and family have moved to
Mrs. Logan's near Stanford. Our people
sincerely regret their having moved from
here.

NUMBER OF HAIRS IN A HEAD.—An
elegant German has undergone the enor-
mous labor of counting the number of hairs
in heads of four different colors. In a
blonde he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown,
109,440; in a black, 102,962, and in a red
one, 88,740. What the red and black heads
wanted in number of hairs was made up,
however, in the greater bulk of the hairs
individually, and in all probability the
scals were all pretty equal in weight. It
is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs
that blonde tresses owe the rich color and
silks-like character of their flavor, a circum-
stance which artists have so loved to dwell
upon. [Chicago Tribune.]

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W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
For Congress,
JAMES B. MCCREARY.

Of Madison.

THE democrats of the 6th Kentucky are of the true blue, dyed-in-the-wool sort and they know how to express themselves on the great questions of the day. They met in convention at Newport Tuesday to nominate a candidate for Congress, and they did so in the person of that tried and true statesman, Hon. John G. Carlisle. They also adopted a platform which is the very essence of democratic faith and teaching. Among other planks is one "maintaining that there is no authority under the Federal Constitution for disbursing the money from the Federal Treasury to the States, or to the people of the States for any other purpose whatever except in discharge of legal obligations of the government incurred in the public defense." That arrant demagogue, Senator Berry, who has the gubernatorial bee buzzing so continuously in his bonnet that he runs off after everything that he thinks will be popular with the masses, whether it is right or not, made a set speech in opposition to the passage of the above, but he and three others of a like ilk were all that could be found in the convention to vote against it. This is a direct stand against the republican measure of Federal aid to State schools; a scheme devised by Senator Blair to centralise power, absorb the surplus and so keep up a war tariff in times of peace, and the adoption of the resolution by so unanimous a vote is a subject of congratulation to every democrat who does not wish to see the Constitution overridden and the treasury raided under the guise of aiding education.

THE New York Sun continues to find fault with Cleveland and abuse Garland. In its Monday's issue it says: There is one offensive partisan, whom it is the President's duty to get rid of at once, and, in doing so, he would be sustained by his party and by honest men generally. The Hon. Augustus H. Garland, Attorney General, is an offensive partisan of the Pan-Electric stock—offensive to all men with nice sense of honor and most injurious to the administration and the democratic party. Mr. Garland has just returned to Washington, after an absence of two months. The best thing Mr. Cleveland can do for the administration is to ask Mr. Garland to stay in Arkansas permanently.

JUDGE HALSELL seems to be disposed to accept any fair means of settling the trouble between him and Mr. Rhea and if the latter fails to accept one of the three propositions that he makes, upon him must rest the responsibility of the election of a republican Congressman in the 3d district. The Judge has proposed that each submit his claim to the democrats of Edmonson and Allen, from which came contesting delegations, abide the decision of the State Central Committee or agree upon any fair means of settling the matter. It is to be hoped for the sake of party harmony and party success that Rhea will accept one of these very fair proposals.

THE little handful of office-seeking republicans which met at Danville Tuesday to nominate a candidate for Congress passed some big-sounding resolutions for so small a body. Among them is one reciting that the democratic party has failed to accomplish its mission; another declares for protection; a third demands that the tax on tobacco be abolished; a fourth endorses Federal aid to schools and the fifth protests against the employment of convict labor outside the walls of the penitentiary. The government ought to stop for a few days to fix these things up.

IN the last issue of the Richmond Herald Mr. B. J. Newton announces that he has sold the paper to Messrs. S. D. Parish and P. H. Sullivan, two capable and popular young men, and bids farewell to his readers and brethren of the quill. He does not speak of his future intentions, but we hope he has not determined to eschew journalism. He is too well fitted for the business and too universally esteemed by the craft to retire from a profession he has honored by an upright and manly course for years that he has performed its exacting duties.

THE bitter struggle for the Congressional nomination in the Louisville district will end to-morrow, after which we hope the papers of that city will present some few things of interest to the outside world. We also hope that they can print that Caruth has won the nomination and we believe they will be able to do so.

SOME twenty-five republicans met in Danville Tuesday, and after nominating Caleb Clegg for Congress, who declined with thanks, they hit upon Capt. Todd, of Shelby, who was found to be willing to become a target for Gov. McCreary. The Captain is probably the great unknown.

THE New York Court of Appeals has confirmed the sentence of ex Alderman Jaehne to the penitentiary and the other boodle-alderman, who plundered the city, are trembling in their boots. Several are already under indictment for the same offense for which Jaehne suffers.

THE Knights of Labor in session at Richmond, Va., are considerably stirred up over the negro question, which threatens to cause a split in the ranks of the organization. This is absolutely too sad entire-

FRANKFORT celebrated her centennial Wednesday by the firing of cannon, parading and speculating. There were 15,000 people in the sleepy old city, which seemed to have awoken from her Rip Van Winkle nap, and they were welcomed in an address by Judge Lindsey. John Mason Brown delivered a memorial address; Maj. Henry T. Stanton and others read poems, and Govs. Bishop and Crittenden and Senator Vest made short speeches. Afterwards the vast crowd charged on 1,500 gallons of burgoo and other palatable comestibles and captured and conquered them. The old lady can now resume her nap, consoled with the fact that for once she did herself proud.

CRADDOCK expresses regret that Wiggins' prediction failed to materialize, because he is old that he will have to go in a few years and prefers to have lots of company to lie in the cold ground by himself with his hair dancing a jig on his grave, delighted to have his hard earned money to spend. But then the Colonel is a very selfish man.

THE Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette is one of the ablest edited papers as well as the newest in the country. We do not like its politics but we do admire its enterprise in getting all the news and presenting it in the most attractive form. It is a good paper for anybody to take and to the republican reader it is almost indispensable.

HALSELL's majority over Holliday in the 3d in 1884 was 2,447, but Dr. Hunter, who will be the republican nominee, will go in this time by 5,000 if Rhea persists in his ruinous course. He ought to have enough desire for democratic success to accept one of the three proposals of Halsell.

THE speech of Senator Joe Blackburn in reply to that of John Sherman is published in full in yesterday's Courier-Journal. It is chock full of sound and good democratic doctrine and is well worth a careful perusal and pondering!

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—There are now over sixty million silver dollars in circulation.

—The majority in Todd county in favor of prohibition was 734.

—Muhlenberg has joined the growing army of prohibition counties in the State.

—John G. Carlisle was renominated for Congress in the 6th district by acclamation.

—The one and two dollar silver certificates are said to be the most artistic paper money ever issued.

—It is said that Mrs. Langtry got \$600 for signing her name to a certificate praising a certain kind of soap.

—The treasury receipts in September amounted to \$31,686,701, and in the first quarter of the fiscal year to \$93,518,999.

—Fully half of the counties in the State have voted against the legal sale of whisky and the other half will follow suit in due time.

—The city of Charleston will ask the State Legislature to loan her \$5,000,000 to assist in restoring the place to its former status.

—Gallatin, Tenn., has just suffered a \$60,000 fire. The fire originated in Tomkin's Opera House and it and several adjacent buildings were destroyed.

—Two hundred thousand dollars in silver dollars, halves and quarters arrived at the Cincinnati sub treasury Monday. The installment weighs about 6 tons.

—The log house in which the war of the rebellion was declared ended by Gen. Grant has been sold and will be removed from Virginia and set up at Grant's tomb.

—The boilers of the Steamer Mascot exploded on the Mississippi river, killing 11 persons and injuring 15 others. The boat was valued at \$150,000 and is a total wreck.

—Col. Thomas Todd, of Shelby, the only two persons convicted of felony at the late term of the Circuit Court, were taken to Frankfort Wednesday. The former goes three years for manslaughter, the latter one year for obtaining money by false pretenses.

—Dr. Clopton, an old physician and specialist, who used to come to Danville sometimes near a thousand years ago, is in town. It is said that Col. W. F. Evans will never forget him, and that the late Wm. Brewer retained a vivid recollection of him as long as he lived. Dr. Clopton is a dignified old gentleman and a good physician.

—Rev. Malcolm Ayres, a colored preacher of the Christian church has bought Geo. W. Doneghy's property on West Lexington street for \$2,100. Malcolm has lived in Lexington for a number of years past. In slave times he belonged to the late Dr. Samuel Ayres, of this place. He is a good preacher and a man of influence among his people.

—The marriage of Professor W. K. Arg, of the State Institute for Deaf Mutes, and Miss Belle Cheneau, of Louisville, is announced to take place at the residence of Mr. Richard Givens', the bride's grandfather, this evening at 6 o'clock. The bride is a daughter of Professor William Cheneau, of the Louisville Law School. Rev. C. H. B. Martin, D. D., of the Second Presbyterian Church, is to perform the ceremony.

—Mr. B. F. Phillips returned last night from Newport, where he has been visiting his little daughter, who fell and broke her arm. He reports her doing well. Hon. Wm. H. Tarr and Miss Fannie Tarr, of Wellsburg, W. Va., are visiting Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Noland at the Clemens House. Mr. Tarr is the father and Miss Tarr the sister of Mrs. Noland. Mrs. Wm. Warren will leave to-day on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Pittman, of St. Louis.

—Horse racing in New York State seems to have had its day. The great fall meeting of the Jerome Park Association has been discontinued on account of the refusal of the authorities to allow betting on the horses in the killing of Munday.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Geo. Pollard and Miss Mittie Easley, both of Garrard, were licensed to wed Monday.

—H. R. Elkins, of Rockcastle, and Miss Fannie Cleft, of Garrard, were married by Rev. Goodloe at the clerk's office Thursday.

—Capt. T. K. Hackley, a prominent and highly respected citizen of this county, living near Paint Lick, was crushed to death by the K. C. train.

—The remains of J. Owles Dunn, of Richmond, were interred in our cemetery Wednesday evening. Deceased was well and favorably known in this county.

—A wandering tribe of Turks were in town Monday with a couple of performing bears and a countless number of papooses which were slung across the back of a mule.

—Mrs. Almira Burnside, a most estimable lady of this county, died Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. Deceased was the mother of Mr. E. H. Burnside, of Stanford, and Messrs. James, Joseph and Allen Burnside, of Garrard.

—Eb Cooley, charged with the killing of George Scott, had his examining trial before Squire J. S. Robinson, Tuesday, and was discharged. The evidence proved conclusively that Cooley acted in self-defense.

—Rev. Geo. O. Barnes and family arrived Tuesday and are staying at the Miller House. Mr. Barnes preached his first sermon Wednesday morning to a large audience. Beginning with to-morrow (Saturday) the morning services will be discontinued and meetings held at night instead.

—Mrs. B. M. Burdett is visiting her parents in Mason county. Rev. W. S. Grinstead was in town Monday. Mr. J. C. Thompson has gone East to lay in his supply of novelties for the holidays. Mr. Back Henry, who was thrown by a vicious horse some weeks ago and seriously injured, continues very ill. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Grinnan, of St. Louis, are guests of Mrs. Dr. Bush. Dr. F. O. Young, of Lexington, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Peyton W. Smith, of this county, was married Thursday to Mrs. Martha W. Smith, of Boyle. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride and was performed by Rev. R. R. Noel.

—There floats from the cupola of the Court-House a blood-red banner, 20 feet in length, with the word "Prohibition" printed thereon. A similar one, only smaller, is on the engine-house. On the street corners and around the stoves in the stores are little knots of men discussing the temperance question. In fact it is the all-absorbing topic just now in Lancaster. The good ladies realizing that but little time is left to work, are moving heaven and earth to carry on local option. Mrs. Nield, Mrs. Hulce, Rev. Mr. Barney and the Rev. H. Barry, colored, are kept busily engaged speaking to audiences all over the district. The otherside is not idle, you may be sure. They are also working and both sides are confident of victory when the vote is counted Saturday night. We do not wish to pose as the 7th son of a prophet, but would like to offer a mild conjecture that the town will go "dry" by a light majority.

—The majority in Todd county in favor of prohibition was 734.

—Muhlenberg has joined the growing army of prohibition counties in the State.

—John G. Carlisle was renominated for Congress in the 6th district by acclamation.

—The one and two dollar silver certificates are said to be the most artistic paper money ever issued.

—It is said that Mrs. Langtry got \$600 for signing her name to a certificate praising a certain kind of soap.

—The treasury receipts in September amounted to \$31,686,701, and in the first quarter of the fiscal year to \$93,518,999.

—Fully half of the counties in the State have voted against the legal sale of whisky and the other half will follow suit in due time.

—The city of Charleston will ask the State Legislature to loan her \$5,000,000 to assist in restoring the place to its former status.

—Gallatin, Tenn., has just suffered a \$60,000 fire. The fire originated in Tomkin's Opera House and it and several adjacent buildings were destroyed.

—Two hundred thousand dollars in silver dollars, halves and quarters arrived at the Cincinnati sub treasury Monday. The installment weighs about 6 tons.

—The log house in which the war of the rebellion was declared ended by Gen. Grant has been sold and will be removed from Virginia and set up at Grant's tomb.

—The boilers of the Steamer Mascot exploded on the Mississippi river, killing 11 persons and injuring 15 others. The boat was valued at \$150,000 and is a total wreck.

—Col. Thomas Todd, of Shelby, the only two persons convicted of felony at the late term of the Circuit Court, were taken to Frankfort Wednesday. The former goes three years for manslaughter, the latter one year for obtaining money by false pretenses.

—Dr. Clopton, an old physician and specialist, who used to come to Danville sometimes near a thousand years ago, is in town. It is said that Col. W. F. Evans will never forget him, and that the late Wm. Brewer retained a vivid recollection of him as long as he lived. Dr. Clopton is a dignified old gentleman and a good physician.

—Rev. Malcolm Ayres, a colored preacher of the Christian church has bought Geo. W. Doneghy's property on West Lexington street for \$2,100. Malcolm has lived in Lexington for a number of years past. In slave times he belonged to the late Dr. Samuel Ayres, of this place. He is a good preacher and a man of influence among his people.

—The marriage of Professor W. K. Arg, of the State Institute for Deaf Mutes, and Miss Belle Cheneau, of Louisville, is announced to take place at the residence of Mr. Richard Givens', the bride's grandfather, this evening at 6 o'clock. The bride is a daughter of Professor William Cheneau, of the Louisville Law School. Rev. C. H. B. Martin, D. D., of the Second Presbyterian Church, is to perform the ceremony.

—Mr. B. F. Phillips returned last night from Newport, where he has been visiting his little daughter, who fell and broke her arm. He reports her doing well. Hon. Wm. H. Tarr and Miss Fannie Tarr, of Wellsburg, W. Va., are visiting Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Noland at the Clemens House. Mr. Tarr is the father and Miss Tarr the sister of Mrs. Noland. Mrs. Wm. Warren will leave to-day on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Pittman, of St. Louis.

—Horse racing in New York State seems to have had its day. The great fall meeting of the Jerome Park Association has been discontinued on account of the refusal of the authorities to allow betting on the horses in the killing of Munday.

MARRIAGES.

—John B. Caenault and Miss Lena Jennings will be married at Richmond on the 12th.

—Dr. R. J. O'Mahony, ex city clerk, and the well-known newspaper correspondent, was married Tuesday at Lexington to Mrs. Emma Myers.

—The marriage of a fine looking old widow and a handsome widow, a few years his junior, which the gossips said was to occur Wednesday, did not materialize.

—Miss Annette Schenck, a maiden of 30, has sued Christopher Mayer, a New York ten-millionaire, aged 68, for \$100,000 damages to soothe her wounded heart, at his failure to comply with his promise of marriage.

—Mrs. Christina Walker, a middle-aged widow of Washington county, eloped with Will Mayes, a boy of 17, to Indiana and were married. The parents of the youth had sent him to school at Bardstown to free him of the widow's blandishments.

—Col. Nicholas Smith, Horace Greeley's poetically beauteous son in law, is soon to marry again. The object of the handsome Colonel's affections is said to be a lovely and wealthy heiress of the blue-grass region of Kentucky, a cousin of J. Stoddard Johnston and a relative of Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams.

—The marriage of Samuel H. Rout to Miss Lula Denton, of Garrard, was solemnized at 3 o'clock Wednesday at the home of R. R. Denton, in Garrard, Rev. R. R. Noel officiating. Mr. J. H. Baughman and Miss Dora Denton were the attendants. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Rout came to Mr. S. H. Baughman's, where they were given a reception that night. Here's wishing them long lives and much happiness.

—The marriage of Dr. J. M. Owens and Miss Mollie Owens was solemnized at the residence of the bride's mother, in this county, Tuesday at 1:30 o'clock by Elder John Bell Gibson. Mr. C. F. Forman and Mrs. Lou Montgomery were the attendants. After hearty congratulations the new couple left for Somerset, where they will reside. Miss Mollie is a handsome and lovable young lady and the doctor is said to be a most worthy and promising young physician.

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—The cheap excursion Saturday will take a small crowd from this place.

—A very nice social gathering was given

by Miss Lute Moore in honor of Miss Anna McClure, of Virginia, last evening; almost everybody was there.

—Mrs. Jas. Cooper and Mrs. C. A. Redd,

Sr., of Crab Orchard, were visiting here

this week. Mr. B. F. Myers and family,

of Williamsburg, are visiting relatives in

this county. Mrs. Fannie Adams has re-

turned from Louisville. David Thomp-

son, of Garrard county, was in town last

night.

—Mr. A. J. Johnson and Miss Hannah

McCollan, of the north end of the county,

were married at 1 o'clock yesterday. Mr.

Semi-Monthly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - October 8, 1886

E. C. WALTON. - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North..... 1 55 P. M.
" " " South..... 12 55 P. M.
Express train " " North..... 2 15 A. M.
Time is calculated on standard time. Solar
time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your School Books from Penny &
McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short
notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest
style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

Our Drug Department is complete, with
Pure Goods at prices as low as the lowest.
Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

MISS BELLE BOURNE is visiting in
Nicholasville.

MRS AND MRS. T. R. WALTON went to
Louisville yesterday.

DR. J. W. DICKERSON has returned to
his office at Williamsburg.

GOV. JAC. G. GIVENS has been elected
to the Louisville School Board.

MRS. JENNIE TYLER, of Louisville, is
the guest of Mr. James Paxton.

MRS. ALICE SWOPE, of Henderson, is
visiting her father, Mr. J. L. Dawson.

MRS. A. A. WARREN and Mrs. J. E.
Portman went Louisville Wednesday.

REV. AND MRS. JOHN M. BRUCE left
this morning to visit relatives in Missouri.

DR. J. B. OWSLEY is in Louisville in
the interest of his pork packing establish-
ment.

DR. JOHN M. FELAND, of Bath coun-
ty, is the guest of his father, Mr. A. M.
Feland.

MR. W. H. MURDOCK, a clever adver-
tising agent of Le Roy, N. Y., was here
yesterday.

DR. AND MRS. HUGH REID are receiv-
ing dead-loads of presents from their nu-
merous friends.

MRS. S. L. POWERS is back from New
York and is daily receiving dead loads of
goods purchased while there.

MRS. MINNIE DINWIDDIE, of the West
End, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fannie
Dunn, and other relatives here.

DR. L. F. HUFFMAN did not arrive
from Asheville, N. C., till yesterday, when
his wife returned with him, much improv-
ed in health.

MRS. G. R. HARDIN, who has been vis-
iting her sister, Mrs. Capt. J. W. Rose, at
Greensburg for several weeks, returned
home Wednesday.

FIVE bold fishermen left for the Cum-
berland Tuesday: Tom Wherrett and Lt.
McFarland, of Lancaster; A. S. Myers, J.
C. Hays and J. B. Owens, of this place.

UNDER the chaperone of Mr. John
M. Reid, Mrs. J. W. Alcorn, Mrs. J. C.
Hays and Misses Mary Reid and Annie
Alcorn went to Louisville Wednesday.

MR. A. L. JONES, the competent civil
engineer of Somerset, has just accepted the
position of engineer for the Jellico Moun-
tain Coal Co. and the Standard Coal Co.,
both of Tennessee.

THE West End loses a couple of its
best citizens in the departure of Mr. and
Mrs. John O. McAlister for their future
home at Ennis, Texas. We hope that they
will find as many warm friends in the
Lone Star State as they leave in old Ken-
tucky.

LOCAL MATTERS.

TIMOTHY SEED, the best quality, at Met-
calf & Foster's.

FRESH Candies by the wholesale at Wa-
ters & Wearen's.

HOUSE and lot on Danville pike, a mile
from town, for sale or rent. D. R. Carpen-
ter.

The cold snap has been the longest and
most severe for the time of the year that
we can remember.

REMEMBER that on the 21, 22 and 23 of
this month I will have my regular fall and
winter opening. Be sure to attend it. Miss
Sudie Bassley.

LOCAL OPTION carried in Somerset by
142 majority. From all we can learn it
will be carried by as large a majority in
Lancaster tomorrow.

TOM BARNES, after spending a night in
jail for drunkenness and disorderly con-
duct, was fined \$5. Fred Nichols, same
charge, was permitted to go, on promise to
behave himself. Nichols is the man
that Will Foster, Jr., larruped some time
ago.

THE cheap excursion, which will be run
to Louisville on Thursday, 14th, will leave
Crab Orchard at 5 o'clock A. M., passing
here at 5:36. All stations this side of
North Fork will sell round trip tickets at
\$1.50; between that point and Lebanon the
fare will be \$1.25. Returning the train
will leave the Exposition platform at 10:30
P. M. the same day. This will give every-
body a chance to see the many attractions
of the Exposition.

A DOZEN roving Turks and a couple of
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worldly possessions. The women begged
in pitiful tones for "nickels" but they were
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old fellows had some \$500 or \$600, which
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FRESH fish and oysters, served in any
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Call and examine them.

THE valuable mill property near the de-
pot is offered for sale at auction Oct. 25 by
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Saufley.

We are indebted to our friend, Mr. C.
B. Eggleman, for a dispatch telling of the
killing of Capt. Hackley and full particu-
lars by mail.

THE Lebanon Standard figures that Capt.
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a million miles. The Captain himself de-
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short. This is equal to 60 times around
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Frank Rout have formed a partnership to
do a general carriage making and repair
business at Mackville, Washington county,
and they have gone thither. Mr. John-
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their new home.

THE livery stable firm of Carpenter &
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to close up their business will sell their
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BAD NEGRO.—William Logan, a 14-year-
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same age, and held in \$100 to the circuit court,
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Hackley, a well-known citizen of the Paint
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THE JUDGE'S WOOING.

Monsieur Zacharias Seiler, an old judge of the tribunal of Stantz and member of the grand council of Lucerne, after having slept for twenty-five or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, had obtained the favor of withdrawing to his snug villa, situated on the Kusnacht street, near the German gate. There he was enjoying himself under the supervision of his old housekeeper, Therese, a devoted person with a crooked nose and a chin garnished with a thin, gray beard.

These two, full of indulgence for one another, respected their reciprocal manias. Therese looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen, and took care to renew monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zacharias was approaching his 60th year, wore a wig, and had no other distinction than to cultivate a few flowers and read the morning paper. This was well enough for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in a window and beg off himself in the mazes of stupid politics. He was very thoughtful for some days, but one evening, after supper, a bright idea came into his head. "I have it; I will go fishing," he cried, clapping his hands so loud that Therese called out from the next room: "What is the matter, monsieur? One might think you had a fit."

The idea thus suddenly born proved to be a stubborn one, and the morning on which Monsieur Seiler first set out, provided with a pole, a big straw hat, a fishing bag, and other accessories, was a veritable affair of state.

Therese was greatly displeased at this new turn in affairs. She muttered to herself and had moments of impatience, and was obliged to go to confession twice oftener during a month than had been her custom. But, for all that, she was forced to conform to the new order of things.

For example, whenever monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, the excellent man, who deplored to himself his feebleness, would look up at the sky, and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop of rain for three weeks!"

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master. Then the old judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say:

"This is an excellent idea of yours, Therese. You will go fishing."

"Very well, monsieur, but be sure to return at 7 o'clock. The evenings are cool now."

One day in the month of July, 1845, toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Zacharias found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he did not wish to take any more, because, as he said to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day. After having washed his fish in a neighboring spring, and wrapped them carefully in sorrel to keep them fresh, he felt so sleepy that he thought he would take a nap in the heather, and wait until the shadows were longer to mount the side of Bigelberg.

Then, having broken his crust of bread and moistened his lips from his little bottle, he clambered fifteen or twenty steps below the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old judge been so sleepy.

The oppressive heat of the sun, darting the long arrows of gold into the shadow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, in the meadows and on the water, the distant cooing of ring doves squatted under the somber shade of the beech trees, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zacharias melted away in the universal concert. He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw a troop of jaybirds traversing the foliage; then turning his thought he saw the cork on his line whirl and descend; a salmon was caught; he was pulling it out; the pole bent in a semi-circle. The good man was sleeping profoundly. He dreamed, and the vast orchestra pursued about him its eternal music as the time passed on.

A thousand animated beings had lived their life of an hour when monsieur, the judge, awoke at the whistle of some bird he was not acquainted with. He sat up to see, and conceive his surprise. The strange bird was a young girl of 17 or 18 years old, with rosy cheeks and red lips, her brown hair floating in long tresses; a little turned up nose, a short petticoat of the color of corn poppies—a young peasant girl who was descending from above by the sandy footpath of Bigelberg, a basket poised on her head, and her arms, sunburned, but round and plump, resting on her hips. At sight of her Zacharias was deeply moved. He blushed, and rising said: "Good day, my beautiful child!"

The young girl stopped, opened her eyes wide and recognized him, for who in all the country did not know the worthy judge?

"Hi!" said she, with a smile; "this is Monsieur Zacharias Seiler!"

The old man ascended into the path. He wanted to speak, but he only stammered some unintelligible words, like a very young man, so that the young girl appeared much embarrassed. Finally he made out to say:

"Where are you going through the wood at this hour, my child?"

She pointed out to him, in the distance, at the bottom of the valley, the house of a forester.

"I am returning to my father, Yeri Foerster, whom you know without doubt, Monsieur Judge."

"So you are the daughter of the worthy Ven? You are the little Charlotte of whom he often speaks when he brings me his reports."

"Yes, Monsieur Judge."

"Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Foerster again. He must be getting a little old!"

"He is about your age, Monsieur Judge," said Charlotte, simply, "about 60 years old."

This artless response brought the good man to his senses, and as he went along he became very pensive. What were his thoughts? No one knows, but how many times it has happened that a good and worthy man, who imagines himself to have discharged all his duties, has finished by discovering that he had neglected the greatest, the holiest, the most beautiful of all, that of marrying his youth a good and noble woman, and remaining true and loving to her ever after. And what it cost him to think it was now too late!

Soon Zacharias and Charlotte reached the turn in the valley where the path passed over a little bridge, and led direct to the forester's house. That worthy man was seated on the stone bench by his door, with a sprig of broom corn in his hand, and two hunting dogs stretched at his feet, and recognizing with his piercing eyes the judge and his daughter in the distance, he came to meet them, raising his felt hat in salutation.

"Good day, Monsieur Judge," said he, with the frank and cordial air of the mountaineer. "What happy circumstances procure me the honor of such a visit?"

"Master Yeri," replied the good man, "I have tarried in the mountains until it is too late to go home. Have you a little corner

vacant at your table, and a bed at the disposition of a friend?"

"Hey!" cried the forester, "if there was but one bed in the house, should it not be for the best, the most honored of our ancient magistrates of Stantz? Ah, Monsieur Seiler, what an honor you do to the humble dwelling of Yeri Foerster!"

And mounting the six steps before the door he cried out: "Christina, Christina, run to the cellar, Judge Zacharias Seiler has come to repose under our roof."

At this a very little old woman, with a figure as stiff as a ramrod, but still fresh and smiling, appeared upon the threshold, and disappeared immediately, muttering:

"Oh, God! Is it possible? Monsieur the judge?"

"Ah, my good people," said Zacharias, "In truth you receive me too kindly."

"Monsieur," replied the forester, "if you forget the good you have done others do not."

Well, if the truth must be told, Judge Zacharias passed the evening with Yeri Foerster and his family, forgetful of the quietude of Therese, his promise to be at home by 7 o'clock and his old habits of order and submission.

Imagine to yourself that humble sitting room, with its ceilings streaked with brown girders, the round table in the midst with its dish of trout and plates of fruit and honey, yellow as gold, and worthy Papa Zacharias presenting each in turn to Charlotte, who dropped her eyes, astonished at the compliments and tender words of the old man.

"An, Monsieur Judge, you are too good," said Christina. "You do not know how much vexation this little one gives us. You will spoil her with so many fine words."

"Dame Christina," replied Zacharias, "you possess a treasure. Mile. Charlotte merits all I have said of her."

Then Yeri, raising his glass, cried: "To the health of our good and venerable Judge Zacharias!" and all drank to the toast.

"Ah!" thought the judge, "what happiness it would be to live here with Charlotte for a companion, at four steps from the river, where one could throw in a line from time to time and follow the chase with Father-in-law Yeri Foerster, raising the echoes round about. Ah! what an existence!"

When the clock struck 11 he rose. How young and fresh he felt! With what ardor he would have placed a kiss on Charlotte's little hand, only he must not yet. He must wait.

"It is time for sleep, Master Yeri," said he. "Good night and many thanks for your hospitality."

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master. Then the old judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say:

"Sleep, Zacharias; you are very tired. You have great need of sleep."

At 9 o'clock the next morning he awoke, considerably chagrined at having slept so late after having boasted the evening before of his early rising, and coming down the steep stair he found only Dame Christina awaiting him, the forester having gone about his business in the wood and Charlotte to his headdressing. So, after a hasty breakfast, and thanking Christina again for her kindness, he took the way back to the city, a good deal disturbed as to how Therese would receive him, but still cherishing the thousand illusions which had hatched in his soul like a late brood of linnets.

I will not try to paint the reception which the worthy housekeeper gave him; her reproaches, her rage even. She had not shut her eyes the whole night; she had imagined him drowned in the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc.

Zacharias heard these complaints with the same calmness with which he had formerly listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause—he heard, but said nothing.

By the beginning of autumn he had fallen into such a habit of being at the forester's house, that one would have found him oftener there than at home, and Yeri found himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate begged him to accept in return for his daily hospitality. He would shake his head sometimes and say to his wife:

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seiler, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build the hut for the titmouse, and then he must also help Charlotte turn the hay, while all the peasants laugh at him. This is not proper, Christina; but I do not dare to speak to him, he is so much above us."

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "With a little milk," and honey this good Zacharias is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but that he may adopt her, and when he dies she would be remembered in his will."

The forester shrugged his shoulders. His natural sense made him divine some mystery, but he did not go to the length of suspecting the folly of the old judge. One fine morning he saw descending the mountain a wagon laden with three barrels of Rivevin wine. This was of all the presents he had received the most acceptable to Yeri Foerster, for of all things he liked a glass of good wine. And when he had tasted the wine he could not help crying out:

"This good Zacharias is the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and make for him a bouquet of the finest roses and jasmines in the garden, and when he comes give it to him yourself. God, what wine!"

Zacharias followed close upon the heels of his present, and felt himself more than repaid by the flowers which Charlotte hastened to give him, while the forester said cordially:

"You must take supper with us and taste our wine, Monsieur Seiler. My wife is right to call you our benefactor."

Zacharias, seated at the table in the open air, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him and the forester on the right, began to talk of his prospects for the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and he wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the edge of the valley and build a forester's house on the hillside. "We shall always be together," said he to Yeri, "you with me as much as I with you."

Mother Christina came in her turn and devised this thing and that. Charlotte appeared content and Zacharias imagined him self understood by these worthy people. And went to his chamber that night full of the most blissful illusions, putting off till the next day his great declaration, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he was alone fell to kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child, and murmuring:

"Zacharias, Zacharias, you are going to be the happiest of men, and, may it please God, you will renew your youth in a little Zacharias, or a little Charlotte who shall dance upon your knees and caress you with her rosy little hands." At this the good man seated himself, drunk with hope, his elbow on the window sill, his eyes wide open, and hearing as in a dream the frogs croaking under the moon in the silent valley. He had set the fire round, and something like a vault of pebbles, or of dry peas, rattled against the window glass and aroused him like a child, and murmuring:

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